MARVEL COMICS

NOMAD

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NOMAD

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Jack Monroe. A failed super soldier. A fallen super hero. Wandering the highways and byways of this vast land, Monroe tries to discover himself, by discovering America. ***Stan Lee presents*** **NOMAD**

AMERICAN DREAMERS SOME TIMES CRY

PART FOUR

I GUESS, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED-- OR HOW HARD I DIDN'T TRY -- TO AVOID ALL OF IT...

...JACK MONROE'S LIFE WAS ALWAYS GOING TO COME DOWN TO THIS, WASN'T IT?

WEAPONS IN HAND AND ITCHY TRIGGER FINGERS.

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0025

I CAME TO A *WHITE SUPREMACIST CAMP* OUTSIDE OF *CLUTIER*, IOWA TO TRY AND CUT AND REMOVE ONE SMALL, MALIGNANT *TUMOR* FROM THIS COUNTRY'S CANCEROUS BACKSIDE.

AND IT'S A CANCER I DIAGNOSED WHEN I WAS JUST A *LITTLE BOY*.

I GREW UP IN CLUTIER. I ACCIDENTALLY *BLEW THE LID* ON THE SILENT FACT THAT *HALF* THE TOWN WERE POST-WORLD WAR II *NAZI SYMPATHIZERS*.

0133

IT WAS THE TIME OF THE *RED SCARE*. PEOPLE WENT TO JAIL. FAMILIES WERE TORN APART.

I WAS SENT TO A *FOSTER HOME*. I WAS "DISCOVERED" BY A MAN WHO WOULD BE THE *CAPTAIN AMERICA* OF THE 1950s.

I BECAME HIS SIDEKICK, *BUCKY*. WE WENT A BIT CRAZY. WE WERE PUT ON ICE. SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

WE WOKE UP DECADES LATER. *HE* WAS CRAZIER. AND *I*?

WELL, CRAZY ONE OF THOSE WORDS I HAVE A *REAL* HARD TIME DEFINING.

0666

IS IT CRAZY TO WATCH THESE *REDNECKS* GETTING PICKED-OFF AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT AS THE *CYBERNETIC SNIPER-SOLDIER GUN* TARGETS THEM--

IS IT CRAZY TO WANT THIS PLACE *DROWNED* IN A POOL OF ITS *OWN BLOOD*? ALL I SEE IS A REFLECTION OF *MYSELF* IN THAT POOL.

THE ME THAT *IS* AND *MIGHT* HAVE BEEN.

IN FACT, I PROBABLY WOULD HAVE BEEN THE POT-BELLIED, BEER-SWIGGING, WIFE-SLAPPING *LEADER* OF THIS COMPOUND.

0879

TAKING ORDERS FROM MY GOOD FRIEND, *BART INGRID*, AS WE LAUGH ABOUT HOW I USED TO TREAT HIM WHEN WE WERE *KIDS*.

AND BART WOULD'VE LOOKED AT ME *COLDLY*, NEVER FORGETTING.

BECAUSE JACK MONROE GREW UP TO BECOME JOEL SILVER'S VERSION OF *PETER PAN*--

1000

--AND BART INGRID... HE GREW UP TO BECOME A *SENATOR* IN THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

AND NOW, HE'S THE LEADING CANDIDATE FOR THE *SECOND SLOT* ON THE *1996 BALLOTS*.

...BUT YOU COULDN'T TAKE THE BREATHING BLACK LUNG OF CLUTIER OUT OF THE BOY.

SENATOR BART INGRID IS THE HEAD OF THIS *HATE GROUP*, AND HIS SECRET AGENDA IS TO INSTIGATE A *RACE WAR* IN THIS COUNTRY.

AND SO, BECAUSE THIS KIND OF CANCER SPREADS FROM THE *INSIDE OUT*, I HAVE TO SURGICALLY REMOVE THE *TUMORS*, BEFORE I PUT THE *BODY* ITSELF TO SLEEP.

ONE THOUSAND ROUNDS IN TWO AND A HALF MINUTES. EIGHT HUNDRED OF THOSE BULLETS CONNECTED WITH FLESH AND BONE.

FUNNY ABOUT BART. YOU COULD TAKE THE ANGRY, HATEFUL BOY OUT OF CLUTIER...

THERE WERE ONLY ABOUT *NINETY* PEOPLE IN THE CAMP. *YOU* DO THE MATH.

AND IF YOU THINK I FEEL BAD ABOUT THIS...

...YOU SHOULD SEE THE GUY WHO HAD HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER!

WHAT-- WHAT HAPPENED?

KLIH KLIH KLIH KLIH

I TOLD YOU, I SLID A DISC INTO THE GUN EARLIER TO OVERRIDE THE PROGRAMMING WHICH LINKED THE GUN TO YOUR MIND.

NO--

NO!

THEY WERE MY FRIENDS! MY FAMILY!

AND GAVE ME CONTROL OF IT. SINCE THE GUN CONTROLS THE WEARER, NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND...

ARE YOU TELLING ME I JUST KILLED THEM ALL--?

NO...

...YOU WERE JUST THE *TRIGGER.*

I WAS THE *FINGER* THAT PULLED IT.

LIKE THIS.

KAPOW

I NEED THIS.

I'VE *CROSSED* OVER THE LINE AGAIN...

...JUST LIKE I DID IN *ALASKA* TWO YEARS AGO.

IS IT THE *GUN* THAT DOES THIS TO ME--

--OR IS IT JUST THAT THE GUN LETS ME *OPEN* THE *DOOR* TO THAT PART OF MYSELF I ALWAYS TRY TO KEEP UNDER *LOCK AND KEY?*

I FEEL *NOTHING* FOR ALL OF THESE PEOPLE. THEY HAVE FAMILIES... WIVES, SONS AND DAUGHTERS--

--THEY ARE THE *CHILDREN* OF *CLUTIER*, JUST LIKE I WAS...

...BUT HOW CAN I FEEL ANYTHING *FOR THEM*--

--WHEN I CAN'T FEEL ANYTHING FOR *MYSELF*?

AMERICA...

...*LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT.*

MAYBE, MY PROBLEM HAS ALWAYS BEEN THAT I LOVE IT SO *MUCH*, I CAN'T FACE UP TO THE CHOICE.

BECAUSE IT'S *NOT* THE COUNTRY I WANT IT TO BE. IT *NEVER* WILL BE.

AND ONLY A FOOL KEEPS HITTING HIS HEAD AGAINST A BRICK WALL THINKING HE CAN *CHANGE* IT.

SO I DON'T LOVE AMERICA ANYMORE.

WHICH MEANS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO *LEAVE IT.*

BUT I'M GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE PART OF IT *WITH* ME WHEN I GO.

A *BAD* PART.

THE PART THAT BREEDS *HATE* AND *VIOLENCE.*

THE *CANCER* INSIDE *WASHINGTON, D.C.* NAMED *BART INGRID...*

WASHINGTON, D.C. THE APARTMENT OF GISCARD EPURER, KNOWN IN SHADOWED CIRCLES OF DECEIT AS THE FAVOR BANKER.

IT IS NOT MY CITY, BUT IT ALWAYS SERVES TO MESMERIZE ME.

IT IS THE SEAT OF POWER FOR THE ENTIRE PLANET, AND AS MUCH AS I TRY TO STAY AWAY, I AM ALWAYS DRAWN BACK TO IT.

I CAN'T SEEM TO STOP MYSELF FROM GETTING INVOLVED IN THE GAMES OF MADMEN AND FOOLS.

I AM A TELESCOPE ON A PLANET OF MYOPICS.

SO, I MUST SAVE THEM, AND IN DOING SO, SAVE THE FUTURE OF THIS STUPID LITTLE PLANET, AND MAYBE, IN TURN...

I SEE WHAT IS AND WHAT WILL BE, WITH AN INTENSITY OF FOCUS THAT THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY RESERVE ONLY FOR WHAT WAS.

...SAVE MYSELF AS WELL.

WAAUGH

THE CHILD?

BUCKY?

DON'T CRY, LITTLE BABY GIRL-- DON'T CRY.

IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT--I PROMISE.

GEGHSHFOO WOO.

YOU BET. I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY.

YOU'LL SEE... THINGS WILL TURN OUT OKAY--I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT...

A BAR IN THE GEORGETOWN DISTRICT...

GLAD TO SEE YOU COULD FINALLY MAKE IT.

WELL, YOU'D BE LATE, TOO, IF YOU WERE TRYING TO GIVE SOMEONE FOLLOWING YOU THE SLIP.

WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

WELL, I KNOW I HAVE A PROBLEM. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU DO?

YOUR PROBLEM IS MY PROBLEM, FIBBIE.

I KNOW THERE WAS AN INTER-AGENCY RAISING OF THE RED FLAG ON JACK MONROE. AND I KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOWER IT.

I CAN'T LET YOU DO IT.

I DON'T PLAN TO.

YOU'RE WALKING AWAY FROM A DIRECT ORDER?

AS FAR AS YOU KNOW. AS FAR AS THEY KNOW, I'LL PROPERLY PERFORM MY DUTIES AS THEY WERE ASSIGNED ME.

FAKING HIS DEATH IS GOING TO BE HARD. IF YOU NEED ANY FILES MISPLACED OR CORRECTED, YOU KNOW WHO TO CALL.

GOOD LUCK, HATCH. FOR A FIBBIE, YOU'RE OKAY.

THANKS, NORRIS. FOR A FILE CLERK, YOU MAKE A PRETTY GOOD SHIELD AGENT, TOO.

EPHRER'S APARTMENT, LATER THAT NIGHT...

BUCKY...?

DA DA--?

YEAH... I'M BACK, GIRL.

BUT I SCREWED UP, KIDDO...

...I--I COULDN'T BRING YOUR MOMMY BACK.

I'M SORRY...

JACK... WE NEED TO PREPARE FOR WHAT IS TO COME.

AND WHAT'S THAT?

THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE-- TAKE DOWN THE CLUTIER CAMP-- MAKE IT VERY LOUD-- LET CNN START ASKING QUESTIONS--

--AND THE LINE OF DOMINOES STARTS FALLING UNTIL IT KNOCKS INGRID OVER!

AND THAT STILL IS THE PLAN, JACK.

THERE IS ONLY ONE SLIGHT PROBLEM YOU NEGLECT TO SEE... AND THAT IS THAT YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE DOMINOES WHICH NEEDS TO FALL, AS WELL.

--AND THE ONE THAT FOLLOWED, WHICH PERPETUATED THEIR MISTAKES THROUGH IGNORANCE--

THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THIS GOVERNMENT-- THE BLIND, NAIVE, CONSPIRATORIAL GENERATION WHICH CREATED YOU--

--THESE PEOPLE SIMPLY WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO EXIST.

THEY WILL LET US HAVE INGRID, BUT YOUR PRESENCE IS SEEN AS A PERPETUAL THREAT TO THEIR POWER BASE.

I KNOW.

I KNEW... THE MINUTE I FOUND OUT THAT INGRID HAD HIRED ZARAN...

...AND SAW THAT THE SUPER-SOLDIER GUN WAS IN THE HANDS OF THE SUPREMACISTS--

--THAT BOTH SIDES OF THE FENCE WERE WILLING TO WORK WITH EACH OTHER TO SQUEEZE ME OUT OF THE MIDDLE.

PRETTY *IRONIC*, HUH?

THAT THE TROUBLEMAKER WHO WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO TEAR THESE PEOPLE *APART* IS WHAT ENDED UP BRINGING THEM *TOGETHER*?

I AM SORRY IT HAS COME TO THIS, JACK.

ARE YOU? MAYBE YOU ARE AT THAT.

WHAT'S IN THIS FOR YOU, HEY-POO-POO? WHY DO YOU WANT TO GET INVOLVED IN THIS KIND OF A MESS?

I *LOST* MY FAMILY, JACK, BECAUSE I *CHOSE* TO *IGNORE* A POLITICAL DILEMMA WHEN IT CONFRONTED ME.

I CHOSE *NEVER* TO ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN TO ANYONE ELSE AGAIN.

SO ALL THOSE SIXTY-SEVEN DAUGHTERS YOU ALWAYS SAID YOU HAD...?

TWO. AND THEY DIED. ALONG WITH MY WIFE.

I'M SORRY, GISCARD...

...BUT HAS IT BEEN *WORTH* IT? TO BECOME AS BAD AS THE PEOPLE YOU'RE TRYING TO STOP?

WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE, JACK? I WAS AN *EMPTY SHELL*.

I NEEDED *SOMETHING* TO FILL IT WITH, AND THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE -- *TRUE* JUSTICE -- SEEMED A POTENT *FUEL* OVER THE YEARS.

I... I DON'T KNOW...

WHAT ABOUT WHEN THE TANK IS *EMPTY*, GISCARD?

WHAT'S GOING TO FUEL YOUR LIFE WHEN *THAT* HAPPENS?

A WEEK PASSES, AND OUR PLAN STARTS COMING TOGETHER.

ALLEGATIONS HAVE SURFACED WHICH LINK IOWA SENATOR BART INGRID--

--TO THE SLAUGHTER OF EIGHTY MEN AT A HIDDEN WHITE SUPREMACIST CAMP OUTSIDE OF CLUTIER, IOWA.

WE NOW TURN TO CNN CORRESPONDENT CHARLES JACO--

AND THAT MEANS FOR INGRID--

DAILY BUGLE

EXCLUSIVE

INGRID NAZI!

TIED TO WHITE SUPREMACIST

--THINGS ARE COMING APART.

NOW, ROSS, YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T SNOW ME-- WAS INGRID ON YOUR LIST FOR THE '96 ELECTIONS?

LARRY, I WON'T LIE TO YOU, AND I WON'T SIT HERE LYING TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, NOSIREE--

--I'LL SAY THIS ONCE, NO, HE WAS NOT A CANDIDATE TO RUN FOR OFFICE WITH ME!

NOW SHOOT, LARRY, HOW COULD HE BE WHEN I HAVEN'T DECIDED IF I'M GONNA RUN AGAIN MYSELF. NOW-- YOU HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING?

WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMMING, TO BRING YOU A CBS NEWS SPECIAL REPORT.

CBS

I AM STANDING IN THE CONGRESS BUILDING AS IOWA SENATOR BART INGRID IS ABOUT TO ADDRESS HIS CONGRESSIONAL COLLEAGUES...

CNN

...WHERE IT IS EXPECTED HE WILL ANSWER CHARGES INVOLVING THE ALLEGATIONS OF HIS TIES TO A WHITE SUPREMACIST GROUP--

--WHICH GREW FROM A FAMILY OF NAZI SUPPORTERS LONG THOUGHT ELIMINATED.

SOME FEEL SENATOR INGRID WILL *RESIGN* TODAY; OTHERS FEEL HE WILL *FIGHT* THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM IN THE LAST WEEK.

HE WILL ADDRESS THE NATION LIVE, RIGHT NOW...

I SHOULD JUST WALK AWAY FROM IT ALL RIGHT NOW.

GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. AUSTRALIA IS SUPPOSED TO BE NICE.

BUT I KNOW I WON'T. I'LL SEE IT THROUGH UNTIL THE END.

THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN MY PROBLEM. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE AROUND TO SEE HOW THINGS TURN OUT.

MY FELLOW AMERICANS, MY ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES, I COME BEFORE YOU A MAN WHO HAS NOT HAD AN EASY LIFE.

BUT WILL HAVE AN EASY DEATH.

I WAS BORN IN A VERY CONFUSING *TIME*. I WAS RAISED BY A VERY CONFUSED *FAMILY*.

SO WERE THE *BRADY BUNCH*.

I STAND HERE BEFORE YOU, THOUGH, A MAN WHO HAS BECOME *MORE* THAN THE *SUM* OF HIS *PARTS!*

TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS SIX. *FEET* UNDER.

I STAND BEFORE YOU A MAN WHO BELIEVES *FERVENTLY* IN WHAT THIS COUNTRY STANDS FOR--

BUT LATELY, THE COUNTRY'S BEEN SITTING DOWN.

--WHO STRIVES *MIGHTILY* TO SEE THAT WE ALL ACHIEVE THE GOALS SET FORTH BY OUR *FOUNDING FATHERS*--

TO LOWER OUR TAXES?

--TO DEFEND OUR INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS TO TRUTH AND LIBERTY--

WHILE YOU DENY IT FOR OTHERS?

GUN!

A STRIPPED-DOWN VERSION OF THE SSG.

WHICH SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO SWISS CHEESE INGRID.

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

I DO.

BUT THEY NEVER DID SAY "FREEZE"!

KRAK

KRAK

THE ROTUNDA IS SO CROWDED THAT BARELY ANYONE CAN SEE WHAT IS GOING ON--

--I MAKE MY WAY FORWARD--

THIS MAN IS A LIAR!

JACK--?

MONROE... IT'S ALL TRUE THEN-- I KNEW IT, BUT... TO SEE YOU SO-- YOUNG!

DON'T LET THE SMOOTH BABY FACE FOOL YOU, BART-- I'M WISE BEYOND MY YEARS!

SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THE CON GAME YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING WITH THIS COUNTRY IS OVER HERE AND NOW!

AND WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, JACK? ***CONFESS*** ALL MY SINS AT THE END OF A GUN BARREL?

DISTANCE 3.0
TRAJECTORY

YOUR WORDS WON'T MATTER, BART!

HERE TODAY, THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WON'T NEED TO SORT THROUGH ***ANOTHER*** POLITICIAN'S ***LIES***, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH TO BELIEVE OR NOT.

I'M GOING TO BE THE ***JUDGE*** AND ***JURY***-- AND IF NEED BE, LIKE I WAS AT YOUR PERVERTED HATE CAMP-- THE ***EXECUTIONER!***

YOU... IT WAS YOU...?

AND 88--?

IS 86'ED!

JUST LIKE ***YOU'RE*** GOING TO BE!

YOU WON'T SHOOT ME, JACK!

BECAUSE IF YOU DO, MY HAND WILL RELEASE THIS ***DETONATOR*** AND THE ***PLASTIQUE*** INSIDE MY CASE WILL BLOW THIS SHRINE APART!!

HOW MUCH OF AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE CAN HE BE CARRYING?

ENOUGH TO BLOW YOU, ME AND MOST EVERY CONGRESSMAN IN HERE TO OUR NEXT REWARD!

WELL, THE WORLD WOULD ONLY MISS TWO OUT OF THOSE THREE, ***HATCH.***

FIGURE, IF VERNON HATCHWAY, FBI, CAN SHOW UP FOR THE BIG EVENT, THEN I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE IT A REAL FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

EVERYBODY --CLEAR OUT --NOW!

YOU ARE NOT LEAVING THIS BUILDING ALIVE, MONROE!

THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT, BUDDY!

SO UNLESS YOU WANT TO JOIN ME AND BART--

--I SUGGEST YOU TRY CATCHING UP TO ALL THOSE REPORTERS AND CONGRESSMEN WHO'RE SETTING A LAND SPEED RECORD FOR DULLES!

MOSTLY EVERYONE GOES. SOME CAMERAMEN AND REPORTERS STAY.

SOME FIBBIES AND COPS STAY.

THEIR CHOICE, NOT MY RESPONSIBILITY.

THERE'S NOT ONE PERSON IN THIS ROOM WHO CAN'T HAVE FIGURED OUT HOW THIS ONE IS GOING TO END.

I TOLD YOU A LONG, LONG TIME AGO THAT EVENTUALLY YOU'D GET YOURS!

LIKE IT WAS ALWAYS MEANT TO BE, JACK-- YOU AND ME!

YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN ME, BART, AND I HAVEN'T GOTTEN YOU--

SAD AS IT IS, WE'VE ALWAYS HAD EACH OTHER.

PRETTY PATHETIC, huh?

YUP.

THIS IS WHAT IT'S ALL AMOUNTED TO. ONE FANATIC FACING ANOTHER--

--BOTH WITH THEIR OWN IDEAS, REPRESENTING THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN PEOPLE AS TO WHERE THIS COUNTRY SHOULD GO--

--AND ULTIMATELY, BOTH WILLING--WANTING--TO DIE FOR THEIR IDEALS--

--BECAUSE THEY BOTH KNOW THIS COUNTRY WILL NEVER GET WHERE EACH OF THEM WANTS IT TO.

I'VE SEEN SO MUCH IN THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS, RAN INTO SO MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

SO MANY LITTLE PROBLEMS WHICH NEEDED SOMEONE'S ATTENTION--

I DID WHAT I COULD. I KNOW IT WASN'T NEARLY ENOUGH.

--SO MANY BIG PROBLEMS WHICH WERE IN A CONSTANT STATE OF DENIAL.

THE SADDEST THING ABOUT THIS ENTIRE MESS OF A TIME I'VE CALLED MY LIFE--

--IS THAT I WANTED TO DO SO MUCH MORE THAN I WAS CAPABLE OF.

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO, huh?

MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO DO SO MUCH MORE, IF EVERYONE ELSE WERE DOING THEIR PART?

MAYBE TOMORROW MORNING, AFTER YOU READ ABOUT THIS IN THE PAPER, OR HEAR IT FROM BRYANT GUMBEL, YOU SHOULD LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND ASK YOURSELF--

--DID BOTH THOSE GUYS DIE BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T DO THEIR PART TO PREVENT IT FROM HAVING TO COME ABOUT?

WOULD THERE BE A SUPREMACIST CAMP IF THERE WEREN'T SO MUCH STUPIDITY, HATE AND PREJUDICE TO FUEL IT?

WOULD THERE BE A NOMAD IF WE ALL TOOK CARE OF OUR HOMES A LITTLE BETTER?

MAYBE THE PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY SHOULD START EXPECTING LESS OF EVERYONE AROUND THEM AND START EXPECTING MORE FROM THEMSELVES?

MAYBE THAT SIMPLE LITTLE STEP WILL PREVENT TOMORROW'S JACK MONROE FROM FROM HAVING TO STOP THE NEXT BART INGRID?

THAT WOULD BE NICE.

IF MY ACTIONS CAN GET THAT BALL ROLLING, THEN I GUESS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORTHWHILE.

I HOPE IT DOES.

GOODBYE, BUCKY...

KEOOM!

PFFFTT

CHIK

THE AFTERNOON SKY EXPLODES. THE LIGHTS OF HEAVEN, THE STENCH OF HELL. ALL BROUGHT DOWN TO EARTH.

GOODBYE, JACK...

THE BABY CRIES. I SPEAK SOFTLY, SOOTHING HER, REMEMBERING WHEN MY OWN DAUGHTERS WERE SO YOUNG--

--SO AFRAID OF THE WORLD TO COME.

SO IN NEED OF SOMEONE TO PROTECT THEM.

I FAILED WITH MY CHILDREN. I WILL NOT FAIL WITH THIS ONE...

POLICE HAVE CORDONED OFF THE AREA--

SHADY REST NURSING HOME

--WE HAVE HEARD WORD THAT AT LEAST EIGHT ARE CONFIRMED DEAD, INCLUDING--

JACK...

KLIK

BYOOOOOO

MOMMA--?

MOMMA...

THE NEXT DAY, SHE QUIT HER JOB. SHE LEFT D.C.

SHE HOLED HERSELF UP IN A SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT IN MANHATTAN.

FOR NINETEEN WEEKS, SHE KNEW NOTHING BUT THE SOUND OF HER FINGERS ON THE KEYBOARD AND THE TASTE OF CIGARETTES.

AND SHE FINALLY FINISHED.

WHAT'S GOING TO BE BLACK AND WHITE AND READ ALL OVER?

HE MISSES MONROE. THAT TIME BROUGHT OUT THE BEST IN HIM.

THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN GETTING FIRED BY S.H.I.E.L.D.

AMERICAN DREAMER

THE LIVES AND DEATHS OF JACK MONROE By ANDREA STERMAN

BUT THERE ARE BETTER THINGS, TOO, HE IMAGINES.

AND JACK SHOWED THEM BOTH HOW TO ALWAYS STRIVE FOR THOSE.

AND THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN BEING JACK NORRISS, INTELLIGENCE CORRESPONDENT FOR CURRENT AFFAIR.

EIGHT MILES OUTSIDE OF LANGLEY, VIRGINIA...

IT'S BEEN ALMOST A YEAR. ONLY THE SECOND TIME I CAME HERE SINCE IT ALL WENT DOWN.

STUPID LADY FINALLY STOPPED APPEARING ON EVERY STUPID TALK SHOW HAWKING HER STUPID BOOK.

SHE HAD NO CLUE HOW MUCH HARDER SHE WAS MAKING IT ON ME.

MAKING IT ON JACK.

IN RETROSPECT, IT WAS EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE.

THE ONE COOL HEAD USUALLY PREVAILS WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IS PANICKING.

THE RANKING AGENTS HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE BLAST.

I TOOK CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.

THERE WAS A CAMERAMAN WHO DIED THERE... ABOUT SIX THREE, LONG BROWN HAIR...

... ALONG WITH FUDGING SOME OF THE CORONER'S REPORTS, IT WORKED WELL ENOUGH.

I DID MY JOB, BOTH IN DUTY AND IN CONSCIENCE. I FOUND A WAY TO KILL JACK MONROE...

... AND STILL KEEP HIM ALIVE AT THE SAME TIME.

HIS BODY HAD BARELY SURVIVED THE BLAST. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN PUT IN PRISON FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

IT WOULD HAVE PROVIDED SIMPLE MINDS WITH SIMPLE SOLUTIONS.

SOME OF US, THOUGH,.. WE THINK BIGGER THAN THAT.

NOW, AT LEAST, SOME HOW, SOME WAY, SOME WHEN...

HEY, MONROE ... IT'S ME, HATCH.

...JACK MONROE WILL GET UNFROZEN FROM THIS CRYOGENIC CHAMBER AND HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE US ALL OVER AGAIN.

AND MAYBE WHEN THAT HAPPENS, THE PEOPLE WHO CALL THEMSELVES CITIZENS OF THIS COUNTRY...

...WILL BE SMART ENOUGH TO LET HIM.

THE END

ONE FOR THE ROAD

GLENN HERDLING: EDITOR — SCOTT MARSHALL: ASSISTANT EDITOR
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ATTENTION CORRESPONDENTS: ALL LETTERS TO BE CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS THOUGH WE WILL WITHHOLD THAT INFO BY REQUEST!

THE LAST VIEW FROM THE HERD

Welcome to the end of the Road.

I don't have to reiterate the sentiment you've all expressed on this page these past few months. This is indeed the last issue of NOMAD. I want to thank all of you who stuck with us till the end. Believe me, I took all of your ideas into consideration when we planned this book's finale. I think you'll agree that this was the best way.

So, does that mean we've left it open as to whether Jack will return or not? Of course! It also means that he may not return today, tomorrow, or even next year--but maybe in 25 years? Or 105 years? Who knows, but the wary will catch my drift.

It all depends on you--the faithful. But as I've said before, the audience for this particular character in this particular setting is quite limited. So please, send in your cards and letters with your suggestions for Nomad's resurrection--but also confer with your peers about what it was you liked about this character. Maybe we can start a Nomad Movement that will sweep the country and revolutionize the concept of the super hero for all of us, and not just the select few that Fabian was talking about.

Wood shavings!

Glenn

Dear NOMAD People,

I was forced to write this letter. I think NOMAD is great! How could anyone even think of cancelling NOMAD? If NOMAD does get cancelled, I will never buy another MARVEL comic book again. Jack Monroe deserves better than this. Also. please print this letter. It's the first one I've ever written!

Jeff Mathews
1541 Lake Villa Circle
Cookville, TN 38501

Gee, Jeff, we feel terrible that you'll never buy another Marvel comic. What if we promise that somehow, in some way, Nomad will return. It's too late, though, isn't it? You're not buying any more issues, so you can't hear our promise that NOMAD will return in some way...what a vicious cycle.

Dear Glenn and Scott,

Well, what can I say? I can't really call it an end of an era, because it was only about two years, give or take the usual delays. But, NOMAD is over. When I decided to become a letterhack and award-giver, I never thought things like this would happen. Considering that I have become the official letterhack of this comic, I had to put my two cents in.

I knew it wasn't going to last. Almost every comic Marvel puts out with serious, in-depth cotent is, for some reason, doomed.

I'm not going to sit here and demand this title back. If it warrants one-shots or another limited series, great. All I can say is thank you for a very thought-provoking series. And oh, by the way, since I never write except when an award is to be given, this comic won the Scott Ziemba award for the best-written series of 1993, and is front-runner for the best comic to be cancelled in 1994.

Oh, and thanks for my 15 minutes of fame in your letter column.

Scott Ziemba
1540 West Elmdale Apt. 2
Chicago, IL 60660

You know, we're not sure what we're gonna miss more—NOMAD, or Scott Ziemba Awards. Thanks for being such a great support, Scott.

Dear Glenn and Co.,

I have been collecting comics for over a decade. I have never worked in a comic shop. And I've never even sold one of my comics. My motivation has always been fun, not finance. Needless to say, I have enjoyed innumerable Marvels over the years. And now, YOU GUYS ARE CANCELLING ONE OF MY ALL-TIME FAVORITE COMICS?!??!??!??!?!??!??!?? Glenn, please tell me that this is one of your famous belated Halloween pranks. Or that it's an early April Fools.

It's no empty praise when I state that NOMAD epitomizes the best in Marvel. Can you name another title with the guts to tackle the L.A. riots? Or one featuring a murderer who kills people by injecting them with the HIV virus? NOMAD delivers realistic topics handled with some of the smoothest artwork I've ever seen. And it's complemented by gripping story-telling, without sacrificing the action or being patronizing.

I suppose that there's always guest appearances, and the possibility of a mini-series or one-shot, but the cancellation of a great read like NOMAD while far lesser concepts thrive with the help of shameless gimmickry provides for a sad commentary on the state of affairs, indeed.

To make a long letter short, thanks for 25 killer issues. Hope to be annoying you, again.

Harry Simon
604 Sea Pines Lane
Las Vegas, NV 89107

Thanks for your support, Harry.

Dear Marvel,

Don't do it!!! What a rip-off! NOMAD's just getting started. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know?

Bandit
81 Lindale Street
Stamford, CT 06902

Rome wasn't built in a day?

Hey Fans,

I guess, ironically enough, for me, it ends the way it began. That was an inside joke only I, Glenn, Howard Mackie, James Fry, and Pete will be able to understand.

This is the last issue of NOMAD. I am both saddened by that, and also a bit relieved. If it had not been cancelled, this would have been my last issue writing the title anyway. In some ways, selfish as it may sound, I'd rather someone else not write Jack, since he was so much of my own heart and soul. Cancellation, for me, is better than seeing words come out of Jack's mouth that I wouldn't have put there myself, or worse, which sounded better than what I could have done!

In retrospect, I wish I could have made this the book I always wanted it to be. I wish I had the talent as a writer and the support of the publishers. The two go hand in hand and in the long run, maybe we were both way out of our league.

For the faithful readers of this book, there's no need to be angry or sad. We had a limited series and a two-year run on a title that was very different from what anyone ever expected it to be. For a little while, we were able to get one over on them, and we were the only ones in on the joke.

You don't get to enjoy that kind of laugh (at the expense of the very kinds of people Jack was diametrically opposed to) that often, right?

Jack probably would have said, "Joke 'em if they can't take a #©!$."

And they probably wouldn't have gotten that either.

Fabian Nicieza